Salar. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great at ſea, might do.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy howre-glaſſe runne,
But I ſhould thinke of ſhallowes, and of flats,
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* dockes in ſand,
Veyling her high top lower then her ribs,
To kiſſe her buriall. Should I go to Church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethinke me ſtraight of dangerous rockes,
Which touching but my gentle veſſels ſide,
Would ſcatter all the ſpices on the ſtreame,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilkes;
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and ſhall I lacke the thought,
That ſuch a thing be-chanc'd would make me ſad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to thinke vpon his merchandize.
Anth. Beleeue me no: I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Vpon the fortune of this preſent yeare:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.
Salar. Then y'are in loue.
Anth. Fie, fie.
Salar. Not in loue neither? Then let vs ſay you are ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry: and 'twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leape, and ſay you are merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eies,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'l not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though Neſtor ſweare the ieſt be laughable.

Enter

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenſo, and Gratiano.

Salan. Here comes *Baſſanio* your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano and *Lorenſo*: Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company.
Salar. I would haue ſtaide till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.
Anth. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it your owne buſineſſe cals on you,
And you embrace the occaſion to depart.
Salar. Good morrow my good Lords.
Baſſ. Good ſignors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay, when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange: muſt it be ſo?
Salar. Wee'l make our leyſures to attend on yours.

Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.

Lor. My Lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you haue found *Anthonio*,
we two will leaue you; but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we muſt meete.
Baſſ. I will not faile you. *Exit*
Grat. You looke not well ſignior *Anthonio*,
You haue too much reſpect vpon the world:
cc They looſe it that do buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are meruailouſly chang'd.
Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where euery one muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.
Gra. Let me play the foole,
with mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why ſhould a man whoſe blood is warme within,
Sit like his Grandſire cut in Alablaſter?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creepe into the Iaundies
By being peeuiſh? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I loue thee, and tis my loue that ſpeakes.
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages

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